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suit of clothes.

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every convenience for a first-
class service. We solicit your
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HARRY ROWE, Proprietor

**Are You Suspicious
of Your Health?**

One may not be actually sick, yet
feel so tired and languid, low-spirited
and ambitious, that he can not
truthfully say he is in good health.
The kidneys work all the time, night
and day, and it is no wonder that
they become weak, sore and diseased.
Nearly everybody suffers from kidney
trouble or bladder ailments.
Nature gives warning signals by back-
ache, lameness, stiff joints, sore
muscles, rheumatic pain, puffiness
under the eyes and blurred vision.

RELIEVED HIS BACKACHE
"It gives me great pleasure to recommend
Foley Kidney Pills as in my case they re-
lieved me of a severe backache that had
bothered me for several months. A few
bottles fixed me up in good shape."
—J. G. WELLS, 724 S. Jackson St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

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Give quick and permanent relief from kidney
or bladder troubles that have not reached a
chronic or bad stage. They are bladder
stimulants, strengthen the urinary tract and
take on the floor. When the kidneys are
properly functioning, they filter and excrete
from the blood the impurities that cause
ache and pain and in the end may lead to
serious illness. If you have any cause to
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will make no mistake in taking Foley Kidney
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DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE**

"Fatty" Arbuckle in "The Garage,"
Idlehour soon.—adv.

Temperament and Ted

By VINCENT G. PERRY

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure News-
paper Syndicate.)

Ted was a wonder. Every man,
woman and child on the Merlight
"lot," as the big film studio was called,
admitted it; every film fan in Amer-
ica proclaimed it from the "house-
tops." It wasn't just Ted's acting that
was the cause of all the wonderment
at the Merlight—it was Ted's defiance
of temperament.

Why, actors and actresses who were
not half so famous as Ted Leonard
were allowed to have their days and
even weeks of temperament "flings,"
but Ted worked right through with-
out one in two years, and he worked
twice as strenuously as any of the other
actors, at that.

Ted wasn't one of the "bold men"
type of film actors, either—he was a
typical matinee idol in everything but
disposition and nerve control.

Director Bob Lashbrook was the only
one who didn't comment much on
Ted's wonderful fortitude. Lashbrook
had been in the film business since
its infancy and before that he had had
a long stage experience. "He is going
to come down with a crash some of
these days," Lashbrook murmured to
himself one day. "I never saw the man
with the true dramatic spirit who
didn't have the temperamental bug, too,
and Ted sure has the dramatic spirit
and then some. When the crash does
come, look out!"

The crash did come. It was all be-
cause of the new leading lady. From
the day of his first early success Ted
had been starring alone, but now for
some unexplained reason the directors
of the company decided upon a co-star
for him—a famous stage actress who
was to make her film debut.

Ted knew what most of the stage
actresses who sought the movies were
like. He had seen them come up one
by one and go down in formation of
fours and fives. They didn't take. The
movies were meant for young actresses,
not for made-up has-beens. The
camera brought out the lines and
crowfeet the footlights and grease



"I Hope Her Face Breaks the Cam-
era!"

paint 1911. No stage actress was go-
ing to be exploited on his fame, no
sires!

Bob Lashbrook was not surprised.
The calm of the old director had more
to do with Ted's final breaking up of
temper than anything else. After Ted
had waxed hot, shaken his fist and
resorted to mild profanity old Bob
just shook his head. Ted left that
night for parts unknown. "To blazes
with my contract," Ted had flung
back at the business manager of the
company as he sailed through the of-
fice, head held high. "Marie Sivelle
can star alone. I hope her face breaks
the camera!" He closed the door
without noticing that the business
manager had been talking to someone
very small and sweet, someone who
had risen and was blushing profusely.

The temperamental crash, as old
Bob would have called it, had a firm
grip on Ted for three days. At the
end of the third day he began to think
reasonably. It all came from not tak-
ing a vacation for so long, he told him-
self. The country was the place for
him—the country he had left so few
years before. How changed it would
be now.

But the country was not much
changed, he found. There was a feel-
ing of gratification in bringing his
roadster to a halt in front of the little
schoolhouse where he had learned his
A B C's. That sentiment was not the
one that had brought him there first,
though. The pleasant memory of the
little teacher who had taught there
the last year he had been in the vil-
lage had never really left him, but now
it had come back with great force. He
had thought then that their friendship
would have developed to something
more than memories, but for some un-
explained reason it hadn't. It was all
his fault, the fault of his success, he
told himself reproachfully. Would she
remember? Would she look the same?

Wonder of wonders, she had not
changed a bit. The school door had
opened and she was coming down the
path to the road. Ted was out of the

car and running down the path to meet
her. Did she remember? The glad lit-
tle cry of recognition and the eyes fil-
led with tears of joy said more than
all the words in the world. He almost
had her in his arms when he remem-
bered.

It was a wonderful week that fol-
lowed. Just the sort of week that was
needed to restore Ted's nerves. With
the return of all his practical feel-
ings, Ted began to analyze his feel-
ings. He loved this little teacher, this
Nora Sivelle. She was the sweetest
little woman in the world and he was
going to make her his wife, he told
himself.

Just as he had made firm this re-
solve a bomb was hurled onto his
plans.

"I felt sure that some day you would
come back—a successful business
man. I knew you would lose all those
foolish old ideas about the stage and
art and such like," Nora told him as
they drove along a particularly invit-
ing stretch of country road.

"Would it make any difference if I
still had those ideas—couldn't you
love me?" he asked her as he nerv-
ously reached out for her hand.

"It wouldn't be practical to love a
man with unsettled ideas, like your
old ones," she answered, withdrawing
her hand from reach.

"I understand," Ted mumbled. That
settled it in his mind. Nora shared the
narrow thoughts of many other coun-
try people—stage and movie folk were
all bad in her estimation—she could
not realize that some of the finest men
and women in the world were engaged
in the theatrical profession.

What did it matter after that? There
was only one place where Ted be-
longed and he went back to it—back
to the Merlight studio. Let them
bring on their co-stars, let them ex-
ploit has-beens under his fame. What
did it matter? What did fame or suc-
cess mean when the woman he loved
could never be his?

Bob Leonard could not understand
this morbid change in Ted. Tempera-
mental attacks did not usually leave
after-effects like that. He wondered,
too, when Ted raised no further ob-
jections to Marie Sivelle. Perhaps
when he met that young lady a change
would come over him.

A change? Well, perhaps! The mo-
ment Ted looked up languidly to ac-
knowledge the introduction to the ac-
tress who was to share honors with
him in the forthcoming production,
the change was effected.

"Nora!" he gasped, "what are you
doing here?"

Certainly it was Nora. She was
smiling out an explanation. "I am
Marie Sivelle. I became famous on the
stage because that was my ambi-
tion—and I came here to co-star with
you because I knew who you were and
I wanted to be near you. I was in the
manager's office when you expressed
the wish that my face would damage
the camera. I knew you didn't know,
I guessed where you would go. My
sister is the teacher at that school
now. That's how I arranged to sub-
stitute there for a week. I made up
my mind months ago, when you first
became famous, that I would be your
leading lady. Please Teddy won't you
let me?" There was real pleading in
her request.

"Let you? Why, dear heart, you
must be my leading lady for life. I
want you always," he cried joyfully,
as he gathered her up in his arms.

"When they fall, they fall hard," old
Bob Leonard mumbled to himself, and
old Bob was an authority on such
things.

HOW BUTTERFLIES CROSS SEA

**Delicate Creatures Suffer During Voy-
age, but Millions of Them Make
Passage in Safety.**

The most wonderful of ocean flyers
are the butterflies which cross the
ocean in the spring.

Naturalists tell us that one of the
most amazing sights in the world is to
see millions of these delicate creatures,
like a cloud of tiny pieces of paper,
flying across the channel from the
continent to English shores, when the
wind is favorable.

Their stamina and endurance are
extraordinary, and although some fall
exhausted into the sea, the bulk make
a successful crossing. The butterfly
army of invasion generally includes
many beautiful specimens, and as an
illustration of their powers of endur-
ance it might be mentioned many but-
terflies have descended to rest on ves-
sels 200 miles at sea.

The farthest authenticated distance
at which a moth has been captured at
sea was recorded by a well-known sci-
entist eight years ago, who took speci-
mens of a certain large moth 1,200
miles from the nearest possible land.
—London Tri-Bits.

Girl's Father Bit.

"Run quick!" cried the girl to her
clandestine lover. "Papa is unchain-
ing the big bulldog he bought yesterday!
The brute will tear you to bits!"

"No, he won't," said the lover calmly.
"That dog is an old pet of mine. I
raised him, and I intend to part with
him; but I gave him to the dealer last
week, with instructions to sell him to
your father. Well, Bill, old chap! Glad
to see me, ain't you?" There, now—
change! "What were you saying, dar-
ling?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Seems a Little Late.

Yeast—Some men are always be-
hind the times.

Crimsonbeak—I don't follow you.
"Why, here's an Arkansas man who
just has invented a corkscrew mounted
at one end of a handle, from the other
end of which project beaded wires to
extract corks that have been pushed
into bottles."

HAVE SIMILAR FINGER MARKS

**Important Discovery Made by Cal-
ifornia Professor as to Peculiarities
of Family Groups.**

Prof. J. A. Larson, instructor of
physiology in the University of Cal-
ifornia, announced a new discovery in
connection with finger prints which is
likely to have a remarkable influence
on many important cases that con-
cern the law courts of California.

Briefly, Professor Larson's discovery
indicates that a similarity of finger
prints among members of a family is
sufficiently marked to enable scientists
to trace family groups and determine
positively whether a given individual
is really a member of the family to
which he claims relationship.

The importance of the discovery in
probate cases such as the Singsby case
is obvious.

Should Dr. Larson's new discovery
be accepted by law and science, the
Singsby decision may be reversed, as
well as many other analogous cases.

Dr. Larson's investigations began in
1913 at the Boston university.

"Since that time I have examined
prints of members of approximately
100 families," he said, "and I am sat-
isfied in my own mind that such a
means of identification is possible. I
am preparing detailed reports of my
work now in order that science may
be benefited by my discovery. Before
I complete this, however, I expect to
investigate the prints of fifteen or
twenty additional families so as to re-
move all doubt as to the accuracy of
my discovery."—San Francisco Chroni-
cle.

AMBER FORMED BENEATH SEA

**Natural Resin of Pines Turned Into
Precious Material by the Action
of the Elements.**

The world's supply of amber, that
rare and therefore precious substance,
the "gold of the north," as it has been
called, comes from the coast of San-
tial, in the eastern Prussian penin-
sula, between the towns of Burström
and Pattnicken, and here the shafts
of a famous mine run out under the
Baltic and the miners are actually
working under water. Ages ago the
country was a land of pine forests
which the ocean overwhelmed; the
pine trees vanished beneath the sur-
face of the sea, and then, century by
century, the wood became fossilized
and the natural resin of the pines was
turned into amber. Millions of years
were needed to transform the resin
into amber, and the search for amber
has developed romantic and picturesque
episodes like those that have be-
come part and parcel of the story of
gold and diamonds. An amber mine,
however, is not necessarily under water,
and there is an open-air mine at Pal-
mnicken where amber is dug for in much
the same way as diamonds are sought
in the mines of Kimberley. In nor-
mal times this one mine provides oc-
cupation for about 3,000 amber
seekers.

Our Own Masters.

We have been told that Americans to
save the world and rescue civilization
from dissolution, but we must do it
in our way; in the way that has made
us, in a little more than a century,
the most unified, the most virile, and
the most potent single power in the
world. And when we ask ourselves
what it is that has given us this unity,
this virility, and this potency, the an-
swer is, that we have founded this
nation upon principles of law and
upon the guarantees of individual
rights under the law. That is our
great contribution to civilization; and
if we are to be of use to other nations,
old or new, our first thought must be
to remain our own masters, to pre-
serve our independence, to control our
own forces as a nation by our own
acts, and to protect our heritage of
organized liberty from any form of
destruction or perversion. —David
Jayne Hill in the South American Re-
view.

Giant Warrior of Middle Ages.

The pride and magnificence that
played their part in the days of chiv-
alry can hardly have a better illus-
tration than the suit of equestrian
armor which has recently been placed
on exhibition in the Metropolitan Mu-
seum of Art, in New York city. Sien-
Jacques Gournon de Genoulhac wore
the suit in the sixteenth century, and
Sien Jacques was an uncommonly
large and powerful warrior, who served
under Louis XII, and Francis I, of
France. As may be deduced from their
armor, the knights of the period were
not noticeably large men, and Sien-
Jacques must have seemed a veritable
giant, for a six-foot attendant at the
museum has tried on his armor and is
said to have "merely rattled around
in it."

Sea Moss.

Owing to the war the supply of "sea
moss," of which several hundred
thousand pounds, valued at almost
\$30,000, have been imported annually
for the most part from France and
Germany, has virtually come to an
end. Sea moss (not seaweed) is the
popular name of several kinds of
small marine animals that grow in
colonies of a branching, plantlike form.
Their commercial value arises from
their having a heavy skeleton which
preserves the general plantlike shape
of the growth.

Difference of Custom.

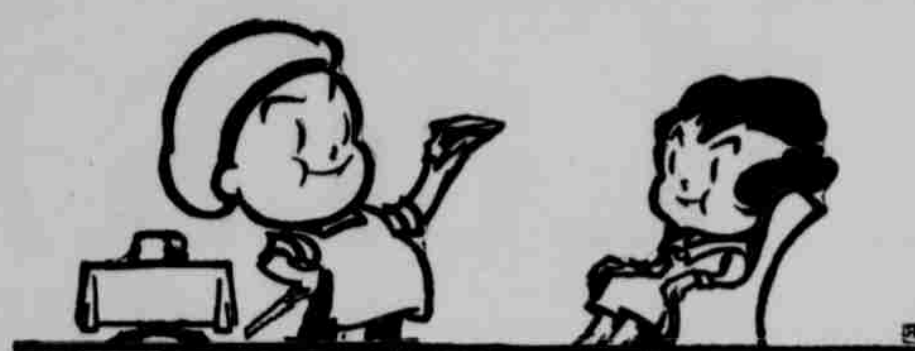
"In old England people showed their
excitement by saying 'Zounds!'"
"And in New Jersey the commuters
say 'Zounds!'"

Tired of Life Early.

Tired of life at ten was the excuse
made by a boy at the Kingston (Lon-
don) children's court when charged
with attempting to commit suicide. An-
other boy saw him with his head on
the railway track and they had a tuss-
le before he could be got away.

"Behind the Door," the most start-
ling picture ever made.—Idlehour
soon.—adv.

Make your coal last by using hard
wood. Smith's Coal and Wood yard.
—adv.



About Pan-Dandy Bread And Other Foods

Foods aren't all alike in value.

The next time you start to plan a "square meal," Mrs.
Housewife, remember this—

It's quite easy to spend large sums on elaborate menus, and
not get half the nourishment from them that you would from a
meal of pure, wholesome bread.

Bread deserves a more prominent place on your table at
every meal.

Instead of including bread somewhere in the menu, why
not do as the Italians do—

Start with bread.

You will find it is the foundation of numberless appetizing
dishes that cost but little.

Eat more bread—eat "Two slices where you now eat one."

"Alma baked Pan-Dandy Bread is Bread at its Best—always
pure, tempting and nutritious."



MODEL BAKERY

Building Sold Forced Out Sale Saturday, February 14

Everything must be sold by March 10

Phoebe Patent

Tan kid top, button, turn, Nature last. Size 2—5. Whole-
sale price \$2.35 will close out at

\$1.75

All Glazed Kid

Eight and one-half turn, 2 1-8 Louis leather heel with plate.
89 last. Wholesale price \$8.50. Will close these wonder-
ful value shoes out at

\$5.00

Patent Pumps

Turn 2 1-8, inch full Louis celluloid heel, 89 last. Whole-
sale price \$6.35. Imagine these wonderful pumps at

\$4.00

We handle a large stock of school shoes, work shoes and shoes for people in all walks
of life. Come early and look these shoes over. You will be surprised. This sale
beyond a doubt will surpass anything ever held in Alma.

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advertising medium is most important. The Alma Record is enabled to
give a valuable service.